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A Crystal Melting Pot



139 8 10

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

Clove inched along the chasm, watching her step in the dark. By some form of the witch's twisted magic, her lilac hair took on the properties of a torch, illuminating her way across the jagged crystal. Kyllikki had been long lost to the world of below. The girl's heart fluttered as she thought of her former friend. If she was not dead by now, she was far worse off than any fate Clove would wish upon her greatest enemy. The sword at her belt itched for blood from the witch's throat. If all went well, that wish would soon be granted.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



She finally reached the end of the massive crystal, her feet humming with dark energy's rumble. The caves, once peaceful and bright with the songs of elves, was murky and seemingly abandoned from all sides. Serpents, servants of the witch, slivered far below. They had grown fat from the bodies of those who were unfortunate enough to not escape in time, but not slower. Another magic spell, no doubt.

Fortunately, Clove had magic on her side as well. Upon reaching the tip of the growth, she reached a hand into her pocket. A red glow emerged from her hand. This is what Grandpa had

meant by using her gift wisely, hadn't it? She smiled, sadly. In a few seconds, she wouldn't be alive. But at least she could drive See more of Story Wars return some semblance of peace to her village.

It was the only way.

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Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka

The power hummed along her body, riddling her body with electricity from her head to legs. Wherever the witch was, the pure energy radiating from Clove's body was sure to attract her.

Sure enough, a cloaked figure emerged from the darkness.

"Clove," it breathed, "you fool."

The girl choked. "Kyllikki?"

She did not answer. Clove was silent. The strain of the magic was driving her mad. Sure enough, when she blinked, the figure disappeared. Pain replaced the tingling, ripping at her skin.

Chapter 4 by Hope!

"Kylliki," Clove whispers.

She hopes that she is just hiding in the rain wrap, but she doesn't feel her presence anywhere.

Clove kicks at the ground furiously, yelling and cussing at herself.

Suddenly, she hears a big *flop* come from beside her.

She turns around to be greeted by a raven, with a note in its beak.

Clove takes the letter from her beak, and tenses in worry as she reads the note.

I have your beloved friend in captivity. Give me what is wanted, and you will have her again.

A green curving is engraved into the paper, one that takes Clove back to horrible memories.

Coralina

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